

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

MAUMEE CITY.

CUSTOM HOUSE OFFICE.

Canal street.

STATE LAND OFFICE.

Erie street.

REED & HOSMER,  
Book & Job Printers, Maumee Express Office,  
Wolcott street.

H. L. HOSMER,  
Attorney & Counsellor at Law, Commercial  
Buildings.

DANIEL F. COOK,  
Attorney and Counsellor at Law.

MAY & YOUNG,  
Attorneys & Counsellors at Law.

N. RATHBUN,  
Attorney and Counsellor at Law.

HENRY REED,  
Attorney and Counsellor at Law.

BENNETT & MORTON,  
Attorneys, Counsellors and Solicitors,  
Toledo, Ohio.

NATHAN RATHBUN,  
Justice of the Peace.

HORATIO CONANT,  
Justice of the Peace.

JUSTUS DWIGHT,  
Physician and Surgeon.

DAVID B. SCOTT,  
Physician and Surgeon.

HUNT & CONVERSE,  
Forwarding and Commission Merchants,  
Water street.

S. A. & J. H. SARGENT,  
Forwarding and Commission Merchants,  
Water street.

WHITE & KIRTLAND,  
Forwarding and Commission Merchants,  
Water street.

FORSYTH & HAZARD,  
Forwarding and Commission Merchants,  
Water street.

BINGHAM & PUREY,  
Forwarding and Commission Merchants,  
Water street.

SPENCER & MOORE,  
Dealers in Dry Goods, Groceries & Crockery,  
Erie street.

ELISHA MACK,  
Dealer in Dry Goods, Groceries and Crockery,  
Front street.

RANNEY, RICHARDSON, & CO.,  
Dealers in Dry Goods, Groceries, &c. &c.,  
corner of Conant and Front street.

O. WILLIAMS,  
Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Crockery,  
&c. Erie street.

B. D. COFFIN,  
Clothing &c. &c. Erie street.

ACKER & KANADY,  
Dry Goods, Groceries, Clothing &c. &c.,  
Canal street.

IRA WHITE,  
Dry Goods, Books &c. Canal street.

T. W. CROWELL,  
Dealer in Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware,  
Boots, Shoes, &c. Wolcott street.

DOAN & EARL,  
Dealers in Dry Goods, Groceries, Crockery  
&c. Wolcott street.

G. C. NOBLE,  
Groceries & Provisions, Wolcott street.

A. G. WILLIAMS,  
Groceries and Provisions.

R. HASTINGS,  
Groceries and Provisions.

A. GARY,  
Boots, Shoes, Dry Goods, Groceries, Paints,  
Oils &c. Front st.

BOYNTON & GANNETT,  
Dry Goods, Groceries, Provisions, Hardware  
&c. Front street.

A. J. HACKLEY,  
Wholesale and Retail dealer in Dry Goods,  
Groceries, Provisions, Stoves, Iron &c. &c.,  
Wolcott street.

GOWER & CLARKE,  
Dealers in Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware,  
&c. Conant street.

J. J. BANGS,  
Watch Maker, Jeweller &c. Erie street.

J. S. MEACHAM,  
Tailor, over the old Post Office, Erie street.

G. S. CASE,  
Tailor, corner of Erie and Conant streets.

ALLEN & GIBBONS,  
Groceries and Provisions, Front street.

GRIFFITH, TYLERS & CO.,  
Dealers in Groceries, Liquors and Provisions,  
Erie street.

JAMES HOWE,  
Dealer in Groceries Liquors and Provisions,  
Erie street.

T. T. WOODRUFF,  
Carriage and Wagon Maker.

J. CREED,  
Cabinet and Chair Factory, Gilding, Glazing,  
&c. Detroit Street.

J. WOODRUFF,  
Painter, Glazier and Chair Factory, Detroit  
street.

J. F. SHEPARD,  
Sash and Blind Manufacturer, corner of Tap-  
pan and Summit street.

JEFFERSON HOUSE,  
William Kingsbury, Erie street.

WASHINGTON HOUSE,  
J. W. Converse, Canal street.

CENTRAL HOUSE,  
Allen & Gibbons, Erie street.

AMERICAN HOUSE,  
Woodruff & Clarke, Wolcott street.

PERRYBURG.

BENNETT & CAMPBELL,  
Attorneys and Counsellors at Law.

I. STETSON,  
Attorney and Counsellor at Law.

EAGLE HOTEL,  
Joseph Grapes, Louisiana Avenue.

DOAN & EARL,  
Forwarding and Commission Merchants.

HALL & RUDESELL,  
Dealers in Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware  
Ready made clothing, &c.

C. D. WOODRUFF,  
Tin and Sheet Iron Worker.

# MAUMEE EXPRESS.

Volume I.

MAUMEE CITY, OHIO, SATURDAY, MARCH 3, 1838.

Number 48.

POETRY.

Our correspondent will please to accept our  
thanks for the touching and beautiful dirge on  
Oceola. The last of his race could not have  
lamented him in a strain of deeper pathos, or  
truer sublimity.—*Madisonian*.

DEATH OF OCEOLA.

The Indian Chief stood pensively  
Within his prison cell :—  
He who had led his warlike tribe,  
Where many, fighting, fell :—  
And tho' death's hand was on him then,—  
Though ragged the fever high—  
Still Anger sat upon his brow,  
And vengeance fired his eye !

Imagination carried him  
To days that then were past,  
When followed by his gallant band  
He braved the battle's blast ;  
And saw the balls that round him fell  
As thickly as the hail ;  
When wintry clouds obscure the sky,  
And wintry winds prevail.

He mused—and then compared his state—  
The present with the past :  
Once, fighting for his native land—  
Now, bound in fetters fast !  
His mighty spirit spurned control—  
Insulted was his pride ;  
A short farewell—a bitter curse—  
And Oceola died !

MISCELLANEOUS.

## THE CLOCKMAKER, OR, THE SAYINGS AND DOINGS OF SAMUEL SLICK, OF SLICKVILLE.

The cheerful sage, when solemn dictates fall,  
Concels the moral counsel in a tale.

CHAPTER XI.

CUMBERLAND OYSTERS PRODUCE MELANCHOLY  
FOREBODINGS.

The "soft sawder," of the Clockmaker  
had operated effectually on the beauty  
of Amherst, our lovely hostess of Pug-  
wash's Inn : indeed, I am inclined to think  
with Mr. Slick, that "the road to a wo-  
man's heart lies through her child," from  
the effect produced upon her by the  
praises bestowed upon her infant boy.

I was musing on this feminine suscep-  
tibility to flattery, when the door open-  
ed, and Mrs. Pugwash entered, dressed  
in her sweetest smiles and her best cap,  
an auxiliary by no means required by her  
charms, which, like an Italian sky, when  
unclouded, are unrivalled in splendour.

Approaching me, she said, with an irre-  
sistible smile, would you like, Mr. —  
(here there was a pause, a hiatus, evi-  
dently intended for me to fill up with my  
name ; but that no person knows, nor do  
I intend they shall ; at Medley's Hotel,  
in Halifax, I am known as the stran-  
ger in No. 1. The attention that incog-  
nito procured for me, the importance it  
gave me in the eyes of the master of the  
house, its lodgers and servants, is indes-  
cribable. It is only great people who travel  
incog. State travelling is inconvenient  
and slow ; the constant weight of  
form and etiquette oppresses at once the  
strength and the spirits. It is pleasant  
to travel unobserved, to stand at ease, or  
exchange the full suit for the undress coat  
and fatigue jacket. Wherever, too,  
there is mystery, there is importance ;—  
there is no knowing for whom I may be  
mistaken—but let me once give my humble  
cognomen, and occupation, and I sink  
immediately to my own level, to a plebe-  
ian station and a vulgar name ; not even  
my beautiful hostess, nor my inquisitive  
friend, the Clockmaker, who calls me  
"Squire," shall extract that secret.)—  
Would you like, Mr. — Indeed, I  
would, said I, Mrs. Pugwash : pray, be  
seated, and tell what it is. Would you  
like a superior dish of Shittysacks for  
supper ? Indeed, I would, said I again,  
laughing ; pray, tell me what it is. Laws  
me ! said she, with a stare, where have  
you been all your days, that you never  
heard of our Shittysack Oysters ? I sup-  
posed every body had heard of them. I  
beg pardon, I said, but I understood at  
Halifax, that the only oysters in this part  
of the world were found on the shores  
of Prince Edward Island. Oh ! dear no,  
said our hostess, they are found all along  
the coast from Shittysack, through Bay of  
Vartes, away to Ramshay. The latter  
we seldom get, though the best ; there is  
no regular conveyance, and when they do  
come, they are generally shelled and  
in kegs, and never in good order. I've  
not had a real good Ramsay in my house  
these two years, since Governor Mait-  
land was here ; he was amazing fond of  
them, and Lawyer Talkemdeal sent his  
carriage there on purpose to procure 'em  
fresh for him. Now we can't get them,  
but we have the Shittysacks in perfection  
—say the word, and they shall be served  
up immediately.

A good dish and an unexpected dish  
is most acceptable, and certainly my A-  
merican friend and myself did ample  
justice to the Oysters, which, if they had  
not so classical a name, have quite as  
good a flavor as far famed brethren  
of Milton. Mr. Slick eat so heartily,  
that when he resumed his conversation,  
he indulged in the most melancholy fore-  
bodings.

Did you see that nigger, said he,  
that removed the Oyster shells ? well, he's

one of our Chesapickers, one of Gen.  
Coffy's slaves. I wish Admiral Cock-  
burn had taken them all off our hands,  
at the same rate. We made a pretty  
good sale of them are black cattle, I  
guess, to the British ; I wish we were  
well rid of 'em all. The Blacks and the  
Whites, in the States, show their teeth  
and snarl, they are just ready to fall to.  
The Protestants and Catholics begin to  
lay back their ears, and turn tail for kick-  
en. The Abolitionists and Planters are  
at it like two bulls in a pasture. Mob-  
law and Lynch-law are working like  
yeast in a barrel, and frothing at the  
bung-hole. Nullification and Tariff are  
like a charcoal pit, all covered up, but  
burning inside, and sending out smoke  
at every crack, enough to stifle a horse.  
General Government and State Govern-  
ment every now and then square off and  
spar and the first blow given will bring a  
genuine set-to. Surplus Revenue is an-  
other bone of contention ; like a shin of  
beef thrown among a pack of dogs, it  
will set the whole on 'em by the ears.

You have heard tell of cotton rags dip-  
ped in turpentine, hav'n't you, how they  
produce combustion ? Well, I guess we  
have the elements of spontaneous com-  
bustion among us, in abundance ;  
when it does break out, if you don't see  
an eruption of gore worse than Etna la-  
va, then I'm mistaken. There'll be the  
very devil to pay, that's a fact ;—and all  
this shoot, hang, cut, stab and burn busi-  
ness will sweeten our folks' temper, as  
raw meat does that of a dog—it fairly  
makes me sick to think on it. The ex-  
plosion may clear the air again, and all  
be tranquil once more, but it's an even  
chance if it don't leave us the three  
steambot options, to be blown sky high,  
to be scalded to death, or drowned.

If this sad picture you have drawn,  
be indeed true to nature, how does your  
country, said I, appear so attractive as  
to draw to it so large a portion of our  
population ? It taints its attraction, said  
the Clockmaker, its nothing but its great  
power of suction—it is an everlastin' big  
whirlpool—a great vortex—it drags all  
the straw and chips, and floating sticks,  
driftwood and trash into it. The small  
crafts are sucked in, and whirl round and  
round, like a squirrel in the cage—they  
never come out. Bigger ones pass thro'  
at certain times of tide, and can come  
in and out with good pilotage, as they do  
at Hell Gate, up the Sound.

You astonish me, said I, beyond meas-  
ure ; both your previous conversations  
with me, and the concurrent testimony  
of my friends who have visited the  
States, give a different view of it. Your  
friends ! said the Clockmaker, with such  
a tone of ineffable contempt, that I felt  
a strong inclination to knock him down  
for his insolence—your friends ! Ensigns  
and lieutenants, I guess, from the British  
marchin regiments in the Colonies, that  
run over five thousand miles of  
country in five weeks, on leave of ab-  
sence, and then return, lookin as wise as  
the monkey who had seen the world.—  
When they get back, they are so chock  
full of knowledge of the Yankees, that  
it runs over of itself like a hoghead of  
molasses, rolled about in hot weather—  
a white froth and scum bubbles out of  
the bung ; wishy washy stuff they call  
tours, sketches, travels, letters, and what  
not ; vapid stuff, just sweet enough to  
catch flies, cockroaches, and half fledged  
galls. It puts me in mind of my French  
I learnt French at night school, one win-  
ter, of our Minister, Joshua Hopewell,  
he was the most learned man of the age,  
for he taught himself oen almost every  
language in Europe ;) well, next spring  
when I went to Boston, I met a French-  
man, and I began to jabber away French  
to him : "Polly woos a French shay," says  
I. I don't understand Yankee yet, says  
he. You don't understand ! says I, why  
its French. I guess you didn't expect  
to hear such good French, did you, way  
down East here ? but we speak it real  
well, and its generally allowed we speak  
English, too, better than the British. Oh,  
says he, you one very droll Yankee, dat  
very good joke, sare ; you talk Indian  
and call it French. But, says I,  
Mister Mountshear, its French, I vow ;  
real merchantable, without wainy edge,  
or shakes,—all clear stuff ; it will pass  
survey in any market—its ready stuck  
and seasoned. Oh, very like, says he,  
bowl as polite as a black waiter at New  
Orleans, very like only I never heard it  
afore ; oh, very good French, dat—clear  
stuff, no doubt, but I no understand—its  
all my fault, I dare say, Sare.

Thinks I to myself, a nod is as good as  
a wink to a blind horse, I see how the  
cat jumps—Minister knows so many lan-  
guages he han't been particular enough  
to keepem in separate parcels and mark  
'em on the back, and they've got mixed,  
and sure enough I found my French was  
so overrun with other sorts, that it was  
better to lose the whole crop than go to  
weed in, for as fast as I pulled up any  
strange seedlin, it would grow right up  
agin as quick as wink, if there was the  
least bit of root in the world left in the  
ground, so I left it all to rot on the field.

There is no way to larn French so  
good as to live among them, and if you  
want to understand us, you must live a-  
mong us, too ; your Halls, Hamiltons,  
and De Rouses, what can they know of  
us ? Can a chap catch a likeness flying  
along the rail road ? Can he even see  
the features ? Old Admiral Anson once  
axed one of our folks afore the glorious  
revolution, (if the British had a known  
us a little grain better at that time, they  
wouldn't got whipped like a sack, as they  
did then) where he came from ? From  
the Chesapeake, said he. Aye, aye, said  
the Admiral, from the West Indies. I  
guess, said the Southerner, you may have  
been clean round the world, Admiral, but  
you have been play little in it, not to  
know better nor that.

I shot a wild goose at River Philip,  
last year, with the rice of Virginny fresh  
in his crop ; he must have cracked on  
near about as fast as them other geese,  
the British travellers. Which knowed  
the most of the country they passed over  
do you suppose ? I guess it was a much  
of a muchness—near about six of one,  
and a half a dozen of 'other ; two eyes  
aint much better than one, if they are  
both blind.

No, if you want to know all about us  
and the blue nose, (a pretty considerable  
share of Yankee blood in them too, I  
tell ye ; the old stock comes from New  
England, and breed is tolerable pure yet,  
near about one half apple sarce, and the  
other half molasses, all except to the  
Easter, where there is a cross of the  
Scotch,) just ax me and I'll tell you can-  
didly. I'm not one of those that can't  
see no good points in my neighbors' crit-  
ter, and no bad ones in my own ; I've  
seen too much of the world for that, I  
guess. Indeed, in a general way, I  
praise our folks' beasts, and keep dark  
about my own. Says I, when I meet  
Blue Nose mounted, that's a real smart  
horse of your'n, put him out, I guess he'll  
trot like mad. Well, he lets him he'll  
the spur, and the critter does his best, and  
then I pass him like a streak of lightning  
with mine. The feller looks all taken  
aback at that. Why, says he, that's a  
real clipper of your'n, I vow. Middin',  
says I, (quite cool as if I had heard that  
are some thing a thousand times,) he's  
good enough for me, just a fair trotter,  
and nothin to brag of. That goes near  
about as far agin, in a general way, as a  
crackin and a boatin does. Never tell  
folks you can go ahead on 'em, but do  
it ; it spares a great deal of talk, and  
helps them to save their breath to cool  
their broth.

No, if you want to know the in's and  
the out's of the Yankees—I've wintered  
them, and summered them ; I know all  
their points, shape, make, and breed ; I  
have tried 'em along side of other folks,  
and I know where they fall short, where  
they mate 'em, and where they have the  
advantage, about as well as some who  
think they know a plaguy sight more.—  
It taints them that stare the most,  
that see the best always, I guess. Our  
folks have their faults, and I know them,  
(I warn't born blind, I reckon) but your  
friends, the tour writers, are a little grain  
too hard on us. Our old nigger wench  
had several dirty, ugly lookin children,  
and was proper cross to 'em. Mother  
used to say, "Juno, it's better never to  
wipe a child's nose at all, I guess, than to  
tering it off."

SINGULAR GUARDIANS.

We extract the following curious ac-  
count of two whales which protect the  
harbor of Muscat, from the recently pub-  
lished work entitled "Embassy to the  
Eastern Courts of Cochinchina, Siam  
and Muscat," by Edmund Roberts.

We were many times in the day  
amused to see two very large fin back  
whales fishing alongside, and under the  
bows and stern of the ship. The male  
has been a daily visitor in this harbor for  
upwards of twenty years, and goes by  
the name of "Muscat Tom." Former-  
ly the cove was much infested with  
sharks, so that no person would venture  
into the water ; but after he took posses-  
sion it was freed entirely of these pests,  
these sea-mandrels, (mandarins,) as the  
Chinese fishermen call them, in deris-  
ion of the all-grasping land mandarins.  
A few years since he was missing for  
many years ; the sharks ascertained by  
some means that he was "not at home,"  
they pay particular attention to his vi-  
sitors and invite them in ; they therefore  
intruded upon his quarters and not only  
banqueted upon his larder, which was  
filled with a great variety of fine fish, but  
actually invited and sore pressed some  
of the land bipeds to follow them : as  
they are equally as well pleased with  
fish, the consequence was, the natives re-  
fused to join any other jamb or crush of  
the usurpers, and took a dislike to aqua-  
tic parties. Happily at length, bold  
Tom returned, and every thing was re-  
stored to its proper order ; for he had  
been like "Celebs in search of a wife ;"  
and if he did not bring her home under  
his arm, he brought her under his fin,  
and "she was a helpmeet unto him," and

together they made a clear sweep of all  
the pests and incumbrances of their  
household, to the great joy of the land  
animals who again paid them frequent  
visits. They have never been known  
fully to injure them ; but occasionally  
when they were in full chase after a  
school of small fry who were playing tru-  
ant with their sub-marine garden, they  
would unluckily upset the water car-  
riage of their neighbors ; however, as  
no harm was intended, an apology was  
deemed wholly unnecessary, and the na-  
tives acted a very wise part by not  
showing a useless resentment to their  
benefactors. Hourly, the happy pair may  
be seen moving along very lovingly to-  
gether "cheek by jowl," occasionally  
sinking to the bottom, but not in search,  
as some may foolishly imagine for—

"Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of  
pearl,  
Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels,  
All scattered in the bottom of the sea,  
Some lying in dead men's skulls ; and those in  
holes  
Where eyes did once inhabit, there they  
creep,  
As 'twere in scorn of eyes,"

but after something more useful ; they  
are now seen rising with great swiftness  
perpendicularly half their length out of  
water, and with wide expanded jaws,  
catching all that comes within the vortex,  
filling the enormous sacks under their  
throats full to overflowing, and thereby  
suck them in to no small advantage.  
Whenever the water is too shallow to  
rise in this manner, they dash forward  
with the rapidity of lightning, making  
a great breach ; their ponderous bodies  
being frequently thrown entirely out of  
water. Many fishermen follow them  
to catch the fish they kill, but do not  
swallow ; and by these means obtain dur-  
ing the day a great number. Muscat  
Tom and his wife are never known to  
sleep in the harbor, having sufficient sa-  
gacity to know that they might be cast  
on shore by the current, and so caught  
napping.

OPINION AND JUDGMENT depend very  
much upon disposition and interest. For  
example, two persons once travelled the  
same road at the same time, but at the  
end of the journey gave a very different  
account of the state of the road. One  
said it was a good road as need to be ;  
the other said it was the worst he ever  
saw ; and each showed the condition of  
his boots as a sort of confirmation of his  
opinion. But then the truth was that  
one of the travellers had picked out the  
best of the road, the other, for some rea-  
son, had picked the worst of it—walking  
through every mud hole, and over every  
rough place he could find.

So it is with two classes of mankind,  
in forming an opinion of, and pronouncing  
judgment upon, the general character of  
their fellow men. One says the world  
of mankind is good enough—as good as  
need be ; he has been particular in pick-  
ing his road through the world. Another  
is continually growling and grumbling—  
says the world is a bad one—that ev-  
ery body is dishonest, and not to be trusted ;  
this character seeks, in his travels,  
the mud holes and rough places in the  
road, and of course if he seeks them he  
will find them. Perhaps the true phi-  
losophy of life is, to be right ourselves  
in the first place, so far as knowledge  
and opportunity will enable us, to make  
the best of men and things around us.—  
The idea that all is well around us, is  
very gratifying to a well disposed mind,  
whilst, on the other hand, the suspicion  
or belief that all are dishonest and trea-  
cherous around us, is a constant source  
of uneasiness and trouble. Which of  
these courses is the wisest, is a question  
for debate. Which is best calculated to  
promote individual happiness, is self-evi-  
dent.—*Blairsville Record*.

A joint resolution was offered in the  
Senate some weeks ago, by Mr. Kelly  
of Indiana, authorizing the governor to  
procure and present to Gen. Hugh Brady,  
of the United States army, and a  
Pennsylvania, an appropriate sword,  
as a testimonial of the gratitude of his  
native state, for his bravery and services  
on the northern frontier during the last  
war with Great Britain. This resolu-  
tion having passed both branches of the  
legislature, and the fact having been com-  
municated by Gen. Cameron to Gen.  
Scott, an old associate in arms of Gen.  
Brady, the following is his reply, as we  
find in the last Keystone, which cannot  
but be highly gratifying to the venerable  
and weatherbeaten commander of the  
United States forces in the Detroit dis-  
trict.—*Harrisburg Chronicle*.

BUFFALO, FEB. 6, 1838.

Dear General :—I received with  
great delight some days ago, your letter  
informing me that a resolution in honor  
of General Brady, had passed one branch  
of the legislature of his native State, and  
that you did not doubt it would soon be  
adopted by the other.

The letter came to me when in the  
midst of pressing duties, and I could only  
find a moment to express the joy of my

heart, and to send it to my excellent  
friend at Detroit.

Pennsylvania—the keystone—the pa-  
triotic state, has done, or will do, herself  
honor in this matter. She will show  
that in her justice and magnanimity,  
(greatness of soul)—"omittance is no  
quittance," that if, from accidental cir-  
cumstances, she fails, for a time, to hon-  
or one of her best sons, she is, on fuller  
information, capable of discharging ev-  
ery high obligation due equally to herself  
and to him. And what state in these  
later and inferior times, has had a nobler  
son than Hugh Brady, of Northumber-  
land county, Pennsylvania ? A man al-  
ways faithful to every moral obligation  
—to honor and to country—as patient  
and amiable under neglect, as calm  
amidst dangers, and humble under ap-  
plause ; who triumphed repeatedly in  
battle, without once thinking of himself ;  
who never had occasion to blush, except  
when reminded of his own merits ; who  
never inflicted an injury and never failed  
to forgive one ; and who, if by some  
monstrous error, his country were to  
condemn to the block, would breathe a  
last prayer for her eternal happiness.

Pardon me this hasty tribute to a  
friend—no, that term is a diminutive—I  
will say a tribute to as true a soldier,  
man and citizen, as ever lived. I have  
time to say no more. My occupations,  
in winding up, are yet numerous. The  
whole frontier is tranquilized, and I am  
called, by duty, elsewhere.

With added obligations to you in the  
above matter, my respect and esteem.

I remain truly yours,

WINFIELD SCOTT.

GEN. SIMON CAMERON.

SAMUEL UPON THE STAGE.—The  
Strand Theatre in London closed on  
the 15th October, and a play in which  
Samuel Weller appeared, was among  
the performances. The subjoined ad-  
dress, undoubtedly the production of  
Boz, was delivered by the illustrious  
Samuel in character. It abounds with  
those odd sayings which nobody but  
Dickens could imagine, but the author-  
ship of which with curious ingenuity, he  
traces to things animate as his fancy ur-  
ges, or the case may be

"Ladies and Gentlemen :—The time  
for shutting up our house having come  
at last, I hopes you'll just allow Sam Wel-  
ler to say a few words on behalf the  
Gowerner. Ve dont part with you be-  
cause ve wishes it, or because ve likes it,  
but because ve cant help it—as the folks  
said when they fell out of the balloon.  
The fact is, (and its no use a mincing the  
matter) ever since ve commenced our  
Picknickian Pregrinations, and I've  
bin in my very present situation—  
you've bin sich werry constant visitors,  
encouraging all our efforts to amuse you,  
and never going away without remem-  
bering our perquisites, that no vonder  
ve found it too pleasant to last long—as  
the laughing gas said ven it evaporated.

—To be sure ve've done all in our power  
to make things comfortable, as the  
beadle did ven he put the cobbler's legs  
in stocks. Our house certainly ray ther  
small, but then, as the maggott said ven  
he got into the nut shell its werry snug,  
and ve're never so happy as ven ve're  
waiting on you, as the flies remarked to  
the grocer, and if von or two of our en-  
tertainments have happened to be spild  
in the dressing, vy ve can only say, as  
was the gen'lman said ven his horse's eye  
was out ; it vartn't our fault, but our mis-  
fortune.

"During the time we shuts up shop,  
the Gowerner means to make all sorts  
of improvements that you may feel your-  
selves still at home ; for like the flower  
in May, ve hoped to see you all again  
next Easter Monday.

Of course, I needn't say I shall be here  
to wait on you ; for my place has been  
made so werry agreeable, that all my  
war's ban but playing and vatever  
perilment I may get in a larger house,  
I shall never for the mere increase gain,  
forget my old friends here ; for arter all  
home's home, if it's ever so homely, as  
the cricket sung in the chimney corner.  
The Gowerner's already commenced  
operation ; he's engaged two or three  
favorite corks to provide the bill of fare ;  
and in order to prevent breakages,  
means to follow the advice of the bull  
in a chaney shop, and look wary sharp  
arter the pieces.

And now having said these here few  
words, I've only to return you all my  
werry best thanks for your kindness ; and  
to wish you all possible health and  
prosperity till I see you again ; as the  
telescope said to the comet ven they mo-  
ved him out of the observatory.

Various paragraphs in the English pa-  
pers induce the belief that the winter in  
Europe has hitherto been of unusual  
mild